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## TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1846.

### THE LAST SOVEREIGN.

There is a spirit within us, which arrays  
The things we doat upon with colorings  
Richer than roses—brighter than the beams  
Of the clear sun at morning.—Barry Cornwall.

And well, thus gifted, may we bear the thrill  
Of social sorrows and ideal wrong  
Theolian harp that heaven's pure breezes fill,  
Must breathe, at times, a melancholy song.—Good.

George Melville was born in Liverpool, some forty years ago, more or less—for we are not of that gossip class who are nice to a fault, especially when facts get on the wrong side of one; and as the friend's eye may follow the catching of incidents which shadowed his early career, we would not send him to the aid of glass to count wrinkles or grey hairs, which so becomingly adorn the upper lip, or call to his mind an unpleasant thought, but to establish and brighten the links of social joy. Honors and titles had been wreathed in the history of his forbears from William of Normandy, and family pride, in later days, had been a gem in the wheels of fortune with the iron chains of poverty, under which their descendants languished for many years, until an effort of enterprise on the part of the grandfather of George, broke in bonds with the remnants of rank which lay enwrapped in the remnants of the dead, by connecting himself in commercial pursuits with a gentleman of wealth. The titled merchant was never forgiven by the collateral branches, for having so demeaned himself as to prefer independence and usefulness, to inflated dignity with the concomitant evils of indolence and poverty; and his children were wont to look with regret upon what they unjustly deemed a stained inheritance; one, however, wise followed in his father's path, believing in honest industry, peace and honor. The third generation were looking for footing and place in the world, under the golden banners which prosperous years had thrown over their house, when war was declared between Great Britain and a child, that was springing to national glory—the nursing of freedom—the American already outstretching for the world's empire in love and liberty, with strength beyond the power of heretofore tyrants to strangle.

It is not this, from the peculiar relations of the firm with the mercantile magnates involved in the dispute, were disinterested; the last of the war trumpet left in the air of its tempest-breath, the princely monarch an utter wreck. George was old enough to have a faint perception of the change which a war's mischance had wrought for him; but he was a sturdy nature, and with the sanguine confidence of youth, he looked onward, giving his mind to consolation in the one who had been the storm, as they regarded the luxuries and magnificence of their city halls.

The father, nothing daunted by the overwhelming calamity, nor regretting the gifted son of the past, replaced by foreboding glooms, labored among the ruins to make ten good as far as possible to meet the obligations resting upon his fair name, and to rebuild with the fragments a more humble business, copying from his canvass-spread merchant ships over the world, to the supply of the daily wants of a small community; and thus was he enabled to complete the education of his children, and provide all necessities of life for his family, retaining the respect and love of all who had known him as the skilful and liberal owner of capital told by the interests of millions of pounds and people. George Melville, before finishing his education, had been attached to a daughter of his father's partner, the daughter of an old man had not made necessary any change in the style of the orphan—so, with the children, what had been the natural results of associate interests, became in the hour of affliction, that sympathy which binds love's temple in the heart, and rings into partnership the joys, cares and sorrows of life.

The father of Lucy Darron had not described her for she was nothing but a poor creature, had not been able to bear up under the reverses of fortune, and he sunk to suffer the conculating ills of the transaction from one extreme to the other, of the vicissitudes of life, until by the energy of Melville, though was retrieved to make a partial support. He devoted to the family of his friend a professional interest in the profits of his new business; and the blessings of good health followed him in uttering the tears of widow or orphan. He carried into the life of Delia's sweet and happy thought of kindness: "Speak kindly to my dear man, for he has many cares and does not know."

On, speak kindly to him! Perhaps a word from thee  
Would kindle the light of joy in his overshadowed heart,  
And make his pathway to the tomb a pleasant one."

It was not thought prudent that George and Lucy should be united until the smoke of better days; but George had determined to make a bold cast for his fortunes in the New World, and she was willing to follow where his spirit might lead, and share its weal or woe.

"But then, O hope, with eyes so fair,  
What was thy delighted measure?  
Still a wretched promised pleasure,  
And had the lovely scenes at distance hail."

They were married; and, with the fervent prayers of parents, that the light of heaven's blessing might be cast on their unknown path, and in the hour of affliction, they embarked in the year of 1833, to take their first lesson in the trials of life. They established a school in the city; and, through the jealousy of rival institutions, of perhaps less merit, and the fact of their being strangers, and foreigners making it difficult to secure interest and obtain the confidence necessary for success, they failed in their undertaking, with the loss of most of the

means which they had predicated upon it; but their hearts did not sink under the first cloud, or its gloom chase their spirit's lightness.

They visited New York for the purpose of making another trial, with the thought that the locality and wisdom of Gotham would be more propitious; but their first misfortunes followed them as the shadow of evil; their exertions were met by want of confidence, caused by the incorrect and uncharitable statement of those who had helped their ruin. After fruitless attempts to obtain other business they left for Baltimore, where they hoped for brighter things in store, seeing that but few remained of those shining passports to human favor in the shape of dollars. They looked not behind, or thought of advising the dear friends in their far home, whose hearts would ache knowing their sad troubles. They loved, and would endure alone such late as might await them; and the wife had the sweet Christian's trusting disposition, referring all her care back to the Great Source from whence it came in earnest prayer; and the husband rested upon her pure faith as a guardian angel arm, when the darkening shade shrouded in all the pictures which hope had spread upon his soul.

They had made every effort that their energetic and confident hearts could suggest, but they had proved ineffectual; their means had wasted, and at last they are left without shelter; and from overwrought mind and anxiety the husband is taken sick, whilst the devoted wife draws near to the most interesting period of woman's existence. They have been compelled to seek a house in the outskirts of the city, where the western farmers, drovers and waggoners, are entertained, and where the privilege of sleeping on the floor of a lumber and harness room is accorded to them for a shilling each night, for which they provided out of the least necessary articles of their wardrobe. Medicine and advice are necessary for the invalid, and the wife, in an agony of fear, prepares for a last effort to procure assistance; she quietly withdraws with her bonnet and her last shawl; and well was it a heavy Scotch plaid, for the evening was wet and cold, and a drizzling rain falling near akin to snow. Urged by the duties of love and a dear life at hazard, with a vague hope kindling in her heart, she could not be stopped, but with lightness step she slips along the slippery path. An American ship from Hamburg had arrived in port some two weeks previous to the time which we now reach, and among her crew was a youth of eighteen years, who had chosen the sailor's life of toil and peril in the enthusiasm of boyhood, and continued in it to preserve consistency and independence. Although he might have been comfortably berthed on shore, having family and connexions to secure any position that he might have desired.

Charles Winn was a noble, warm-hearted sailor, combining the frankness and honesty that seems best nurtured by the rocking of the ocean-wave, with the urbanity and courtesy of a polished gentleman; and, having been some days on shore, his funds had melted from his grasp, where or how he had scarcely heeded; but he was not quite pleasant thought was creeping into his mind, that he must "look out a ship." He has, however, one sovereign left; and, donning his best, he sallies forth "to make a night of it" for the last; to begin with a "house" at the theatre. The sailor's costume of rich material for his shore pastimes he never doffed for the "long-tail straight of the city," for the reason that he had the faultless form that best becomes it. His eye, of the quick black, indicated intelligence, wit, humor and benevolence, and he could win you to his side and frolic in a moment. All knew the jovial tar as he threaded the crowded thoroughfare, and all would trust the frankness that beamed from his soul in every look he gave. He passed on his way with careless air, and yet, with graceful and elastic step, his face brightening with pure heart-joys, and spirits untroubled by life's cares, until a sweet blue eye from beneath a cottage-bonnet caught his gaze, and a bright form sprung to his side a moment to stay his step, assured that in that look lay the hope that sparkled in her mind, knowing also that Jack's faultless generosity, she hesitated not to pour into his ear, with a voice of melting sweetness, her sorrowful tale. At the moment he thought it the cunning witchery of some syren who would mislead him, and he passed onward, leaving unanswered the plaintive wailings of sorrow's child; but a heart-reproach caused him to turn ere a dozen steps were made, and he saw the angel look of dependency in the fixed, drooping eye, evidently overcome by the agony of disappointed expectation in the only countenance she had dared to trust in two hours' wandering.

With a chill deadening the heart-throb of hope, and gently raising her eye to heaven, she was preparing to return disconsolate, with no oil to pour into the wounds of affliction, when the sailor boy was at her side, had taken her hand and asked forgiveness for misjudging her in an instant her pleadings, which she had evidently been unused to make. He made affectionate inquiries; gave cheering words and the last sovereign, which he had intended to waste in idle and unprofitable pleasures, and causing her to take his arm, he called upon a physician, who had practised for years in his father's family, and whose benevolence and skill played kindly together begging him, as the evening was closing in with a dark, dreary night, to go with her to her temporary home of distress. She is hand into a carriage, followed by one whose nature was love, and in a few moments is by the side of her husband, who is transferred to a comfortable apartment and bed, under the treatment that looks as much to soothe the secret sorrow, which often lies at the bottom of disease, as to direct physical treatment. The husband is saved; and the humane physician would receive no fee, being instructed by the noble sailor where to find his reward for all he might outlay.

On the first morning that Melville, half-leaving on his wife's arm, entered the ladies' sitting room, he was met by plainly clad, but venerable-looking countryman, who accosted him with kindly words of inquiry—sympathy fol-

lowing in the path of sympathy opened by the generous deed of the not thoughtless boy, christened by his messmates, "Plain Charley," who was then bounding over the deep blue sea, with heart as a feather light, buoyed up by the unspoken thanks of the saved wife—for she would have fallen as the withered leaf, had life left the trunk, vital to her; and the husband felt grateful for the chords of feeling that he found awakening around him. The old gentleman observed: "I have been waiting here twelve days for your recovery, having understood that you wished to establish a school; if so, I want you to hurry on a coat of health, and go West with me,—for if I stay here much longer wife will be looking for a husband, and my boys will become as wild as our prairie deer." Few words were necessary to detail the wants of the hamlet, and its log school and meeting house—a city that now is—the arrangements are made. The arrived safely, becoming welcomed by a matron who had not been a scolding word or look to give, as had been so often intimated, in words that meant just the converse of their apparent sense. "Years, smiling years! have been there, as one may see who crosses the Prairie du Chien, observing to his right, just before reaching it, the gentle slope, spotted with stock, and in the bottom before him, a pure streamlet, hurrying to lose its purity in the turbid bosom of the great waters; the bridge a little to your left, leading to the cottage half concealed with forest trees and shrubs, and the golden-locked group of children, sporting in the shade, are parts of the nine gifts of love. As I have looked upon and enjoyed this pleasant scene, it seemed

"An hour of Paradise restored—  
Elen forth merrily to the view again.  
As yet ere happiness forsook its bowers,  
Or sinless creatures owned the sway of death."

One word for "Plain Charley," whose last sovereign, with the denial of his evening's enjoyments, wrought as fair a picture as ever rested on a lap of earth, and more happiness than often falls to mortal's lot. After some years buffeting with wind and weather, and various fortunes, he wearied of the sea; where he had never forgotten, in the hour of peril or moment of joy, the sweet peace that flowed upon his soul when he had made one heart happy. Let those who have feeling, follow him in a morning's ride from a prosperous Western city, which terminated at the cottage we have briefly noticed; where hearts are waiting to give love's warm welcome to the name that had visited their lips morning and evening, in praise and thanksgiving, for long years—the form even unknown, that was to meet their cordial greetings. He comes! all arms extend him, and the hisping infant, whose walk extends not over the catching distance of a mother's care, breathes his name, with its own, Chas. Winn Melville! In a city not a thousand miles from New Orleans, lives "Plain Charley," filling a highly respectable and responsible situation, with daily opportunities for the kindly ministering of his nature, and retaining the love of all who know him.

He laughs at the world, and he laughs at care.  
With a sovereign and love ever to spare!

THE FASHIONABLE LADY.—She is fond of dancing, singing, gadding, bustling, laughing, talking, and prancing. Her hands are so delicate that a fly's foot will indent them, and her mother dare not trust her to make a bed or wash a dish, for fear it will bring on the complaint. To be sure, she can dance all night in the gay ball-room, where there are scores of young men to wait upon her and lead her valti, but as for bringing a pail of water, or washing a pair of stockings, she would kill her tonight—at least so she thinks, and her mother, too. At parties of pleasure, she can go every night in the week, and stand before the glass for hours each day, adjusting her beautiful hair, but as for stooping over a pan to mix up bread, it would so affect her, that she would be sick unto death for full fortnight afterwards.

Such is the fashionable lady; we meet such often, and wonder how they dare to venture in the streets without a doctor by their side.—Poor creatures, the worst that we can wish them is that they will marry the fops who gallant them, and be compelled to live on their own resources a twelve-month.

AN INSULT.—We do not recollect where or when we got hold of the following. During the engagements of the Constitution and Guerriere, and Irishman was employed in carrying the wounded below, where they were handed to the care of the surgeon. Pat had carried down several helpless fellows, and was again on deck, when a wounded sailor called to him, wishing to be carried below; and complying with the request, he lifted the wounded tar on his shoulders and started; but alas, poor Jack, a ball from the enemy's ship struck him, and cut his head clear from his body. The motion of the vessel, and the noise caused by the battle, prevented the humane Irishman from feeling the shock that proved fatal to the sailor, and he proceeded on his way. On approaching the surgeon he observed to Pat with surprise: "Why have you brought this man here, don't you see he is dead?" "Dead is he? he asked me to bring him here." "To be sure he is dead: don't you see his head is off?" "Faith and so it is! Bad luck to his lying soul, he told me 'twas his leg, with his own mouth!" and the astonished Irishman looked with indignation at the dead tar.

A WISE FATHER.—One of our exchanges tells a story of an editor out West, who wished to marry a blue-eyed damsel in his neighborhood, and like an honest man, asked the consent of her father. Of course the old man, as every prudent papa should do, inquired how much money he could bring his bride. The editor said he hadn't got any money, but he would give her a puff in his paper. The father was satisfied.

"THE PASTIC."—We learn that some folks say they won't raise any more children since the Tariff has been taken off—because foreign pauper children can be imported cheaper than they can be raised here! What next?

## Thy Mother.

Cling to thy mother—for she was the first  
To know thy being, and to feel thy life;  
The hope of thee through many a pang she nursed,  
And when, 'midst anguish like the parting strife,  
Her babe was in her arms, the agony  
Was all forgot, for bliss of loving thee.

Uphold thy mother—close to her warm heart  
She clung, fed thee, lulled thee to thy rest;  
Then taught thy tottering limbs their untried art,  
Exulting in the fledgling from her nest;  
And now her steps are feeble—be her stay,  
Whose strength was thine, in thy most feeble day.

Cherish thy mother—brief perchance the time  
May be, that she will claim the care she gave;  
Passed are her hopes of youth, her harvest prime  
Of joy on earth; her friends are in the grave;  
But for her children, she could lay her head  
Gladly too among her precious dead.

Be tender with thy mother—words unkind,  
Or light neglect from thee, will give a pang  
To that fond bosom, where thou art enshrined  
In love unutterable, more than fang  
Of venomous serpent—wound not her strong trust!  
As thou wouldst hope for peace when she is in the dust.

Mother beloved! oh, may I ne'er forget,  
Whatever be my grief, or what my joy,  
The unmeasured, unextinguishable debt  
I owe thy love; but find my sweet employer,  
Ever, through thy remaining days, to be  
To thee as faithful as thou art to me.

CHILDREN'S HAPPINESS.—Never attempt to improve the happiness of children; depend upon it, you won't succeed, try how you may.

"Pretty little dears," said a good-looking old gentleman one day, as he looked at a group of children at play, "how I love the little innocents, here, get a pen or two of apples, and share them amongst you." He walked on, but yielding to a feeling of curiosity, we remained to watch the event. The apples were soon obtained—the game was stopped, of course.—One having claimed a larger share than his companion, a fight ensued; his opponent getting the worst of it, retired in tears to the mother of the stronger one, who soon appeared on the scene, and having cuddled him soundly, took him home for punishment. Another soon disappeared, like the black boy, with the stomach ache in his countenance; while another, dissatisfied with his allowance, remained on the field giving sorrow vent. The apples of discord had been effectually dropped into their Elysium, the whole appeared suddenly transformed from enlightened children into men of the world. Selfishness had appeared amongst them, and had not forgotten to bring his companion Misery, who, although he heartily despises, he seldom travels without. "The happiness of a child is, perhaps, the only perfect pleasure; do not attempt to improve perfection, or you will certainly destroy it. If you see a child unhappy, you may readily interfere, perhaps with good effect; but when he is happy, in the name of humanity let him alone."

FASHION.—Fashion rules the world, and a most tyrannical mistress she is—compelling people to submit to the most incongruous things imaginable for fashion's sake. She pinches our feet with tight shoes, or chokes us with tight neckerchiefs, or squeezes the breath out of our body by tight lacing; she makes people sit up by night when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed when they ought to be up and doing. She makes us live idle and useless. She makes people visit when they would rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty, invades our pleasure, and interrupts our business. She ruins health and produces sickness, distress, and death, and occasions premature death. She makes foolish parents, invalids of children, and servants of all. She is a despot of the highest grade, full of intrigues and cunning, and yet husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, and servants, black and white, voluntarily have become her obedient servants and slaves, and vie with one another to see who shall be the most obsequious.

She compels people to dress gaily, whether upon their own property, or that of others; whether agreeable to the word of God or the dictates of pride.

A NOVEL CASE.—The Russian Emperor decided a remarkable law suit recently. It appears that a wealthy Russian General obtained the consent of a beautiful daughter of a Polish Nobleman, to unite in marriage with him; and unknown to the lady, the ceremony was performed by an officer, disguised as a priest. They lived together for two years, when she was informed by her husband of the deception, and finally discarded by him. She sought in vain for redress in all the courts, when finally her case came before the Emperor, who decided that the marriage was illegal, but in consequence of the deception of the pretended husband, he ordered his dismissal from the Army, with the loss of his salary and his office, without having any claim to another appointment. His whole property was given to the lady whom he so wantonly deceived, and he is not permitted even to marry again.

EXCELLENCE.—The favorite of a sultan threw a stone at a poor Dervise, who had requested alms. The insulted Sautou dared not to complain, but carefully preserved himself; he should find an opportunity, sooner or later, to throw it in his turn, at this imperious and pitiless wretch. Some time after, he was told, the favorite was disgraced, and, by order of the Sultan, led through the streets on a camel, exposed to the insults of the populace. On hearing this, the Dervise ran to fetch his pebble; but, after a moment's reflection, cast it to a well. "I am now perceiving," said he, "that we ought never to seek revenge when our enemy is powerful, for then it is imprudent; nor when he is involved in calamity, for then it is mean and cruel."

## The Battle of Birustein.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

After the capitulation of Ulm, Napoleon continued his progress along the Danube, waiting the moment to strike a mortal blow at the enemy. The Austrians hearing of the surrender of Mack, began to retreat towards Vienna, pressed by the victorious French. Napoleon was moving down the right flank of the Danube, while Mortier, at the head of twenty thousand men, was to keep nearly parallel on the left shore. Murat with the advance guard, was passing with his accustomed audacity towards Vienna. In the meantime, the Russian allies finding they could not save the capital, crossed over the Danube to the left shore, to escape the pursuit of Napoleon, and effect a junction with reinforcements that were coming up. Mortier was aware of this, and pressed eagerly forward to intercept their march towards Maritz.

As you pass from Durnstein to Stein, the only road lies by the Danube, and between it, and a range of rocky hills, forming a deep and rocky defile. Mortier was at the place, hastening the march of his columns; and eager to advance, pushed forward with only the single division of Gazan, leaving orders for the army to follow close in his rear. Passing through this defile he approached Stein at day break, and found the rear guard of the Russian army posted on the heights in front of the town, sustained by powerful batteries which swept the road along which he was marching. Notwithstanding the inferiority of numbers, and the murderous fire he should be forced to encounter, he resolved immediately to attack the enemy's position.

As the broad daylight of a November morning spread over the Danube, he opened his fire on them, and rushed to the assault. In a short time the action became desperate, and the grenadiers on both sides could almost touch each other in the close encounter. The Russian troops came pouring back to sustain the rear guard, while the French advanced with rapid step along the road to aid their companions. With headlong courage on the one side, and steady firmness on the other, the struggle grew hotter every moment. Neither would yield; and Mortier stood hour after hour, amid the wasting storm, till at length he began to grow anxious for the issue, & at eleven o'clock to hurry up his troops, galloped back to Durnstein. Spurring furiously along the defile, he came up to Dupont's division—a little beyond the further entrance—and urged him to redouble his speed. Then putting spurs to his horse, he again hastened back to the scene of strife. But what was his astonishment on emerging from the defile, to behold a Russian army issuing from the hills, and marching straight for its entrance. Doctroff, with his whole division, had made a circuitous march during the combat; and cutting off Mortier's retreat was about to take possession of the defile. As the Marshal left the main road to escape being taken prisoner himself, and to escape along the hill sides, and saw the dense masses pouring silently into that narrow pass, his heart for a moment stopped beating; for his own doom and that of his brave troops, seemed to be sealed. Crushed between two armies there was no hope for him, unless Dupont came to his relief. The morning that had dawned so brightly upon him, suddenly became black as midnight. But there was but one course left for him, unless he intended to surrender; and that was to march back, and endeavor to cut his way through the defile to his army.

Behold the single division pressed in front by the whole Russian army, and cut off in the rear, slowly retiring towards that silent gorge, battling back the host that pressed after him, and sent their destructive storm of grape shot through his torn ranks; Mortier formed his men into a solid column, and without a drum or a trumpet to cheer them on, moved with a firm step into the dark entrance, resolved to cut his way or die in the effort. But a sight, dread enough to appal the stoutest heart, met his gaze as he looked along the narrow strip of road between the rocks and the Danube. As far as the eye could see, there was nothing but dense battalions of the enemy in order of battle. Without shrinking, however, the steady column moved with fixed bayonets into the living mass. A dreadful fire received them, and the carnage at once became dreadful. With the cannon thundering on their rear, and burying their fiery leads in their ranks—swept in front by incessant discharges of musketry—trampled under foot by the cavalry, and crushed between two armies, the escape of that brave division seemed utterly hopeless. Indeed, the work of annihilation had begun with frightful rapidity. Mortier, after the most desperate fighting, had pierced but a little way into the pass, and hope grew fainter every moment, as he surveyed his thinned and wasting ranks, when the thunder of the cannon at the farther extremity, shot a thrill of joy through his heart. No cannon shot ever before carried such hope to his bosom, for he knew that Dupont was charging along that defile to his rescue.

The Russians immediately faced this new foe also, and then commenced the complicated strife of four armies, fighting in the form of one long protracted column—Mortier hemmed in between two Russian armies, and Doctroff between two French ones. But Mortier was naturally the first one to go down in this unequal strife. Combating all the morning against overwhelming numbers, and struggling all the afternoon in a deep ravine, crushed between two armies, his noble division had sunk away till nothing but the mutilated fragments remained; and now, as twilight deepened over the Danube, its last hour seemed sinking. But perceiving that Dupont approached steadily nearer, he cheered on his men to another, and still another effort.

Under the light of the stars that now and then twinkled through the volumes of smoke that contained the armies, and by the blaze of the artillery, the work of death went on—while an eagle, in which Richard Cœur de Lion once lay imprisoned, stood on the hills above and looked sternly down on the strife. All

along that gorge was one incessant peal of artillery, to which the blaze of musketry was the lightning's flash.

Amid the carnage that wasted around him, Mortier towered like a billow of fire before his men, as they closely set behind him. Nearly three fourths of his whole division had fallen into this Thermopylae, and nothing but its skeleton was left standing, looking as if a hurricane had passed through it. Still he would not yield, but rousing his men by his words and example, cleared a path through the enemy with his sword. With his majestic form rising above the throng, that tossed like a wreck on a strong current about him, he was visible to all his men. Sometimes he would be seen completely enveloped by the Russian grenadiers, while his dripping sabre swept in rapid circles round his head, drinking the life of some poor wretch with every blow, as he moved steadily on the lane he made for himself. Parrying sword cut and bayonet thrust, he trod amid this chaos and death, as above the power of fate. With friends and foes falling like autumn leaves around him, he still remained untouched, and it was owing to his amazing strength alone, and the skill and power with which he wielded his sabre, that he escaped death. His stroke fell like lightning on every side, and under them the strongest grenadier bent like a smitten reed. Struck with admiration at his gallantry, and thinking all was lost, his officers besought him to step into a bark they saw moored to the shore, and to escape. "No," said he in the spirit of true heroism, "keep that for the wounded."

He who has the honor to command such brave soldiers should think himself happy to die with them. We have still two guns left and a few boxes of grape shot, we are almost through—close up the ranks for a last effort." And they did close up and move intrepidly into the fire. But the last of the ammunition was soon gone, and then nothing was left but the bayonet. But just then a cheer burst on their ears over the roar of battle—the cheer of approaching deliverance, and they answered it. That shout was life to the dead, and that torn and mangled remnant of a column closed up, for a final charge.

The Russians flew up a side valley before the onset, and with the shout, "France, France, you have saved us!" that weary but heroic hand rushed into the arms of their deliverers. A loud hurrah rent the air, and the bloody combat was done. Nearly six thousand men lay piled in ghastly heaps along the road, while broken muskets and bayonets scattered here and there, showed how close and fierce the struggle had been.

SIGNOR BLITZ.—The Hartford Times tells the following good story of the signor, who is now playing at the Boston Museum, which displays his dexterity and good humor in the most enviable light:

A clergyman came into the public house where he was stopping, and without knowing the Signor was present, commenced talking pretty severely against the trickery. The Signor bore it very good naturedly, and, stepping up to the clergyman, expressed his opinion that such language came with an ill-grace from one who had a pack of cards in his pocket; and who probably came there for the purpose of gambling! This charge was received with great surprise by the gentleman present; and the parson was in a towering passion at the insinuation. The Signor reiterated his charge, and agreed to prove it. The clergyman defied his examination, but lo and behold!—he pretended to take from the parson's bosom a pack of cards! Another pack was found in his hat, and a box of dice in his coat pocket! If he had been caught with a sheep in his pocket, he could not have been more surprised; and joining in the general laugh, he evinced a determination to be out of the Signor's company as soon as possible.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.—Said Sam Jones to Pete Gunbo: "I often think, Pete, that de perdition of us darkies in society is a far more degradable one dan dat ob white folks."

"Who why, Sam, how does you figure dat out—lucerdade, will you?"

"Well Pete, you see it is just dis'ere. The niggers hunt got no foreign relations 'cept what be in Africa, and them don't trouble nobody; but white folks had foreign relations in Mexico and all ober, what's t'atnally kickin' up a muss. Dere, Pete, 's how I 'plain de problem."

"I tells you what, Sam, you is a whole team and no mistake, besides considerable ob a mussif under the wagon."

SUGAR.—Sir Walter Scott, in his history of Napoleon, ridicules the Emperor's patronage of the first attempt to manufacture beet sugar in France. He had a small loaf which he kept under a glass on his mantle piece as specimen. Time shows that Napoleon was not much mistaken. It appears that this manufacture the present year surpasses to a remarkable extent that of any previous year. At the end of May there had been manufactured 88,000,000 pounds, nearly ten millions more than any previous year. This paid into the treasury of the country over eight millions more than last year. There are now not less than three hundred manufactories in full operation, and only three in the whole kingdom not in operation, and this because they have as much sugar as they can store. Thirty manufactories have been added to this list during the past summer.

RIX.—The Camden Democrat says that mischievous personage, "GENERAL RIX," about whom the Feds discourse so freely, is not, as was currently reported, a near relative of the TARIFF. He is a grandson of old "ROCKWELL," who played so conspicuous a part in the Campaign of '41. He has taken the place of "GENERAL APATHY," and is now the standard bearer of the Feds.

VOLUNTEERS.—The Union, referring to the rapid formation of the nine regiments recently ordered into service, says that since the battles of May last, at least 300,000 volunteers have offered their services to the government.